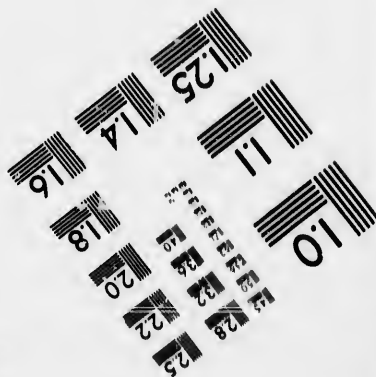
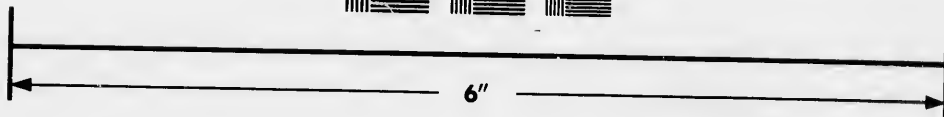
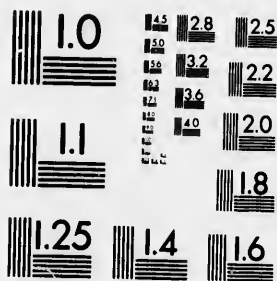


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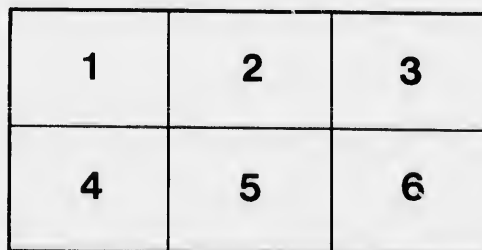
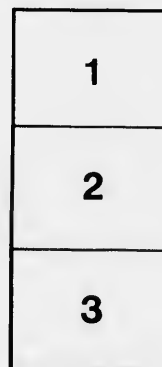
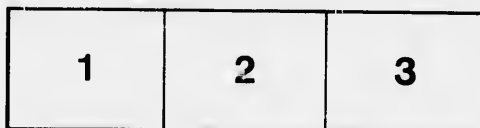
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Lyrics of Dorothy
A.H.Walker
THE LYRICS

OF *Sept. 5th 1889.*

“DOROTHY”

A COMEDY OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS

WRITTEN

(A.H.W.)

B. C. STEPHENSON

MUSIC BY

ALFRED CELLIER.

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association (Ltd.)

38 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1888,
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CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE BANTAM.
GEOFFREY WILDER.
HARRY SHERWOOD.
JOHN TUPPITT.
LURCHER.
TOM STRUTT.
DOROTHY BANTAM.
LYDIA HAWTHORNE.
PHYLLIS TUPPITT.
MRS. PRIVETT.

ACT I.—THE HOP GARDENS.
ACT II.—CHANTICLEER, HALL.
ACT III.—THE ROUND COPPICE.

The action takes place in the county of Kent, in October, 1740.

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ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

In the hop-gardens, which surround the inn belonging to old John Tuppitt, the countryfolk of the neighbourhood of Chanticleer Hall, in the county of Kent, the property of Squire Bantam, are enjoying themselves on the morning of an autumn day, in the middle of the last century. The picking is nearly over, and the pickers are looking forward to the feasting and jollity with which, thanks to their good-hearted old landlord, their labour is to end. Dorothy Bantam, the Squire's daughter, and Lydia Hawthorne, his niece, are not sorry for an opportunity to put off their hoops and furbelows and join in the festivities. They arrive on the scene just in time to find that Phyllis, old Tuppitt's daughter, has rashly promised to marry Tom Strutt, a yokel of the village, and that no warning of theirs will induce her to alter her mind. This is not at all what they like, for Dorothy and Lydia not only preach that woman should remain free from the fetters of matrimony, but they practice what they preach, and have sworn to remain single. It is possible that Dorothy's determination may arise from the fact that her father has already settled her wedded lot. If she marries anyone she must marry Geoffrey Wilder, Squire Bantam's nephew and heir, for the old man has set his heart on the match. But she has never seen her cousin, who has been living a pretty wild life in London. As luck will have it, however, on this very day Wilder, with the bailiffs at his heels, on his way to his uncle's house, compelled by the pressure of debt to cry "peccavi," and consent to Squire Bantam's terms, arrives from town, and, with his friend Sherwood, pulls up at Tuppitt's inn for refreshment for themselves and rest for the hacks, which have been put to their best speed in getting out of the way of a certain sheriff's officer, Lurcher by name, who has been close on the heels of Geoffrey all the way from London. Dorothy, ever ready for fun, takes advantage of the dresses in which Lydia and herself could hardly be recognized, even if her cousin knew her by sight, and passes herself and Lydia off as Dorcas and Abigail, Tuppitt's daughters. Wilder and Sherwood are impressionable, and the charms of Dorothy and Lydia take such an effect that the plan of submission to the uncle is given up, even at the risk of arrest, and Dorcas takes the place of Dorothy in the matrimonial schemes of Mr. Geoffrey Wilder. At this moment Lurcher, the sheriff's officer, overtakes his man, having got over the obstacles with which the fugitives have endeavoured to stop him. Wilder, determined not to marry Dorothy,

has a scheme by which he thinks he can get the money from his uncle. Lurcher would listen to no schemes if it were not for the fact that he has aroused the indignation of the villagers by serving a writ on an old woman of the neighbourhood. Wilder saves him from a ducking, and, in return, he promises to help in the scheme, and to join the two gentlemen in their visit to the Squire's house that evening. Meantime, the attractions of her cousin have had a considerable effect on Dorothy, and Lydia, since she has seen Sherwood, is by no means so certain about perpetual spinsterhood. But, to test the value of the earnest protestations of their adorers, Dorothy gives her ring to Wilder and Lydia hers to Sherwood, the ladies exacting from the gentlemen the promise that they will never part with them.

ACT II.

A dance is being given by Squire Bantam to his neighbours. The festivities are going on merrily, when a servant announces the arrival of a stranger. This is no other than Lurcher, who, disguised as the Secretary of the Duke of Berkshire, has come to announce the breakdown of his Grace's carriage in the neighbourhood of Chanticleer Hall, and to beg the Squire's hospitality. The Squire wishes for nothing better than to receive a member of the aristocracy into his house, and Wilder is ushered in, accompanied by Sherwood. The two gentlemen do not recognise the ladies in their powder, and Wilder makes an express stipulation with his friend that he is not to be bothered with his cousin Dorothy. As the evening goes on the charms of Lydia have a very serious effect on Wilder, while Sherwood is at Dorothy's feet. And an opportunity soon occurs for Dorothy to show Lydia what "a base and faithless thing is a man," by inducing Sherwood to give her up the ring which Lydia had given him in the morning; while Lydia, with Wilder at her feet, has no difficulty in gaining possession of Dorothy's ring. Meantime the night has come, lights are put out, the guests retire to rest, and in the dark, Wilder, Sherwood, and Lurcher proceed to carry out Wilder's scheme. Cloaked and masked, they rouse the Squire's attention and pinion him. At the same time Sherwood binds Wilder. The house is soon roused by the Squire's cries; but, when the guests reappear, everyone is astonished to find that the robbers whoever they are, have taken none of their host's money. The "Duke," however, has not been so fortunate. His money-box is empty. To allow a guest to be plundered in his house, without making good the loss, is what the old Squire cannot permit, and, after some little hesitation, his Grace accepts as a loan the amount

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which is stated by Lurcher to be missing, and which happens to correspond exactly with the amount claimed of Mr. Geoffrey Wilder by the Sheriff. The early dawn sets the men afoot with the hounds—the Squire starts his late autumn day, now and then, with a gallop after a cub—and while the ladies retire to their broken slumber, the gentlemen get ready for a morning's exercise.

ACT III.

The Act opens with the wedding of Phyllis to Tom Strutt. The bridesmaids and groomsmen come to fetch her. And now Dorothy and Lydia are going to see what is the real value of the protestations of their unfaithful swains. Wisdom has come with the morning. Wilder and Sherwood have returned to Dorcas and Abigail, and have written to withdraw their pledges of the night before to Dorothy and Lydia. In reply to their letters, they have received a challenge from two young gentlemen, who are prepared to call them to account for their conduct to Miss Dorothy Bantam and Miss Lydia Hawthorne; and the two ladies are waiting in Round Coppice to find out whether the men they have chosen will prefer a duel to giving them up. Lydia is nervous about the pistols, but Dorothy reassures her. They have brought their own pistols, which will only be loaded with powder. When, however, their adversaries arrive, it seems that they will have to use the pistols which those gentlemen have brought, and which will probably contain bullets. It is with a not entirely unmixed feeling of satisfaction that they hear that the gentlemen decline to marry Dorothy and Lydia, and are prepared to risk their lives for the sake of Dorcas and Abigail, so eventually fight seems to be the only way out of the difficulty. The Squire is on his way to the old oak in Round Coppice, where Tom and Phyllis, who have been married, come for his blessing. Lurcher has betrayed the plot. But the Squire is ready to forgive everything if his nephew is ready to marry Dorothy, and eventually the old gentleman has his way. Dorothy marries her cousin; Lydia marries Sherwood; and the awkward circumstances under which Dorothy's ring found its way on to Lydia's finger, and Lydia's ring on to Dorothy's, are overlooked, for each lady knows that her lover was ready to die rather than marry her friend.

DOROTHY.

ACT I.

THE HOP GARDENS.

CHORUS AND BALLET OF PEASANTS AND HOP PICKERS.

CHO. Lads and lasses gaily trip,
Age indulges in a sip ;
With an arm about her waist
Every lass shall have a taste,
Then each lad shall toast his lass
To the bottom of the glass.

See the maids their locks entwine
With the blossom and the bine,
Gaily tripping in and out,
Up and down and round about,
Age and youth with mirth combine
In the merry hopping time.

CHO. 'Tis Phyllis and her lover
Oh ! what a fool he looks !

ТОМ. Oh ! Muster Tuppitt, here I stand,
An honest lad you see,
To ask you for your daughter's hand,
That we may married be.

- CHO. Oh! Muster Tuppitt, there they stand,
Two nice young folks you see ;
Now give to him your daughter's hand,
That they may married be.
- TUP. Never!
- CHO. He refuses!
- PHY. Would you see your Phyllis weep,
Who ever was the gayest of the gay ?
Lose her roses? Miss her sleep,
And sob a disappointed life away ?
- CHO. Forbear defying the course of true love !
By quick complying your better sense prove ;
And see her, she is crying !
- TOM. Happy the home that waits your daughter,
Honest the heart that I have brought her,
Sturdy the arm that shall support her ;
You will relent, you must consent !
Give me your daughter.
- CHO. You will relent, you must consent !
Sure never man required such earnest pressing !
- TUP. There, take the child,
And with her take my blessing !
- CHO. Ha ! ha ! ha !
- TOM. Henceforward I devote my life
To making her a happy wife.
- CHO. Lads and lasses, etc.

 TRIO.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, and PHYLLIS.

- DOR. Be wise in time, oh ! Phyllis mine.
Have a care, maiden fair, pray beware !

Men that combine such traits divine
Ever dare, never spare, never care !

Would you your liberty resign
To win a wedding ring?
In spinsterhood far better pine,
Than dare so rash a thing.

PHY. There comes a time, oh! mistress mine!
Mistress fair, have a care, pray beware!
When maids unkind are left behind,
Nor are there men to spare everywhere!
All men deny, all men defy,
Warily, charily, airily.

Renounce the tie, and single die.
Let all three swear to be ever free.

Take good advice, and pray behave,
As prudent maidens ought,
Recall the plight you rashly gave,
No man is worth a thought.

QUARTETT.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, and SHERWOOD.

WILD. We're sorry to delay you.

SHER. To pardon us we pray you.

WILD. and SHER. Aching limbs and weary feet,
Palates parched with dust and heat;
With fatigue we're fit to sink,
Bring us anything to drink.

Have you beer, or ale, or porter,
To make our anguish shorter?
Such a thirst, at the worst,
We could almost quench with water.

DOR. Be seated, Sirs, we pray you.

LYDIA. We will not long delay you.

DOR. a

- WILD.

TUP.

DOR. and LYD. We have drink and food for all,
 Here you have the house of call,
 Where the food is of the best,
 Where the drink can stand all test.

We have beer, and ale, and porter,
 To make your anguish shorter.
 Such a thirst at the worst,
 We can cure without cold water.

BALLAD.

- WILD. With such a dainty maid none can compare,
 Ten thousand, thousand Cupids play in her hair.
 A million little loves within her eyes
 Lie wanton waiting for some sweet surprise ;
 Her smile can bid me feel as light as air,
 Her frown can throw me into deep despair,
 Her varied charms to me such joy impart
 That I would gladly yield to her my heart.

But, if my heart has now ceased to be mine,
 However much I may thereto incline,
 I could not, if I would, give what I lack,
 Nor would I, if I could, receive it back.
 Alas ! I know not how, or when, or where,
 But love, who never yet was known to spare,
 Has fled victorious from his battle-field,
 And left me weeping with no heart to yield.

QUINTETT.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, SHERWOOD, TUPPITT.

TUP. A father's pride and joy they are—
 Renowned for beauty near and far ;
 I'm told they much resemble me,
 The likeness you of course can see.

WILD. and SHER.

Of course the likeness we can see.

TUP. Their hair exactly mine, you know.

WILD. (*Aside.*)

It must have been some time ago.

WILD and SHER. (*Aside.*)

It is a most outrageous whim,
To think that they resemble him!

TUP. I think I've got my story pat;
I wonder what they're laughing at.

WILD. and SHER.

Upon my word, it's hardly fair
The Beast with Beauty to compare.

WILD. Ah! here the liquor comes at last!
Fill up the foaming glass.

DOR. (*Aside.*) What sense is o'er my spirit stealing,
Half joy, half pain to me revealing?
Why was I scorning only this morning
Maidens who suffered from any such feeling?

Nay, let me rather steel my heart
Against the point of Cupid's dart;
Pride shall assist me, none shall resist me,
I'll arm myself in every part.

WILD. Come fill up your glass to the brim,
With a bumper of foaming October,
And drink to the honor of him
Who never was sulky or sober.

SHER. Here's a glass to the lady who boros me,
And one to the girl whom I bore.

WILD. A bumper to her who adores me,
And another to her I adore.

ALL. Come fill up your glass, etc.

LUR.

TRIO.

LUR.

TRIO.

SONG AND TRIO.

LURCHER, WILDER, and SHERWOOD.

LUR.

I am the Sheriff's faithful man,
 The King's own writ I hold, Sir!
 I pray you, pay up if you can,
 If I may be so bold, Sir.
 The debt amounts to twenty pounds—
 The costs to fifty more, Sir—
 The sum now owing will be found
 To come to eighty-four, Sir!

The bill of costs be pleased to scan;
 It surely is not much, Sir,
 To levy from a gentleman,
 For treating him as such, Sir.
 So will you pay the debt you owe?
 Or else, I am afraid, Sir,
 That into prison you must go,
 And stop until it's paid, Sir.

TRIO.

So will you pay, etc.

LUR.

Attorneys' bills do not decrease
 In size by contemplation;
 And arguing does not release
 A debtor's obligation.
 You surely would not let me see
 A man in your position
 Object to pay a little fee
 Or cavil at addition;
 A six and eightpence less or more
 You really must not grudge, Sir;
 And two and two make more than four
 When ordered by a judge, Sir!

TRIO.

So will you pay, etc.

QUARTETT.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, *and* SHERWOOD.DOR. *and* LYDIA.

Now swear to be good and true
 To the maid whom you say you adore,
 And promise to love her as few
 Have ever loved woman before.

WILD. *and* SHER.

I swear to be good and true
 To the maid whom I fondly adore—
 I promise to love you as few
 Have ever loved woman before.
 I never was in love before,
 'Tis only you that I adore ;
 We will devote our lives to you
 And swear to be forever true.

DOR. *and* LYDIA (*aside*).

We don't believe a word they say,
 They swear the same thing every day.
 Oh ! never—never—never—
 Were such gay deceivers !
 We will defy the men who try
 To make us weak believers.
 And yet 'tis sweet when at your feet
 A lover kneels a-sighing,
 And says its true he loves but you,
 Or swears that he is dying.

CHORUS.

LUR, ETC. Under the pump ! Under the pump !
 And into the brook with a kick and a jump.
 He's frightened old Margery out of her wits,
 A-sneaking about and a-serving out writs !

LURCHER.

They've battered my hat, and they've ruined my clothes,
 They've pulled out my hair, they have pummelled my nose.
 Each bone in my body has suffered a wrench,
 And look at the writs of the Court of King's Bench.
 Look at the writs torn into bits.

CHO. Under the pump, etc.

We'll teach him his betters to grind and oppress
 By serving upon them a writ of distress,
 He's frightened and bullied a helpless old wench,
 And we don't care a rap for the Court of King's Bench.

 FINALE.

WILD. How perfect every feature.

SHER. A most delicious creature.

WILD. My heart I must resign to such a queen divine.

TUPP. To-morrow let it be.

TOM. And all we hope to see.

CHO. That's right! That's right! And we will dance all night.

DOR. And are you not afraid,
 You most imprudent maid,
 To trust a life's long span
 To any living man?
 You'll find when it's too late
 You've brought about a fate
 You don't anticipate.
 Be wise then while you can!

WILD., SHER., TUPP., ETC.

With indignation great, we must repudiate
 The notion that such fate awaits her with a man.

CHO. OF WOMEN.

Ah! why should you upbraid, and why should any maid
 Of wedlock be afraid with such a charming man?

With such a pretty mate, we all congratulate
The bridegroom on his fate, he is a happy man

TOM. My love for her is great, and she at any rate
Shall guide my future fate; I am a happy man.

PHYL. Ah! why should you upbraid? And why should any maid
Of wedlock be afraid with such a charming man?
My love for him is great, and he at any rate
Shall guide my future fate, not any other man.

WILD. and SHER.

To-morrow then we meet to make our joy complete.

DOR. and LYDIA.

Such infamous deceit due punishment shall meet.

END OF ACT I.

WILD

CHO.

WILD

CHO.

BAN.

WILD

ACT II.

CHANTICLEER HALL.

COUNTRY DANCE.

SONG.

WILD, (*in disguise*).

Though born a man of high degree,
 And greatly your superior,
 I trust I know that courtesy
 Is due to an inferior.
 So, conscious that a ducal bow
 Will liquidate the debt I owe,
 I bend my back and bow my head,
 And thus accept your board and bed.

CHO. He bends his back and bows his head,
 And thus accepts your board and bed.

WILD. Exalted rank should condescend,
 On festival occasion,
 And even dukes must learn to bend
 Before a host's persuasion;
 So, being graciously inclined
 To take whatever I can find,
 I bend my back and bow my head.
 And thus accept your board and bed.

CHO. He bends his back, etc.

Entrance of DOROTHY and LYDIA.

BAN. Here comes my daughter and her cousin.

WILD. Ye powers! what beauty!
 What enchanting grace!

- SHER. In such a spot as this quite out of place.
- LYDIA. Your Grace is welcome.
- WILD. Ma'am, I kiss your hand.
- SHER. I am your most obedient to command.
- DOR. That hand, that figure, I have seen before.
- LYDIA. It cannot be!
- DOR. I have, and I am sure I recognise the ways.
- LYDIA. It must be so.
- DOR. They were our faithful swains not long ago.
- LYDIA. How could they think so shallow a disguise
Could serve to hide them from a woman's eyes!
- WILD. My dear Sir John, I trust my presence here
Will never be allowed to interfere;
With any entertainment.
- BAN. Please your Grace—
- WILD. What teeth!
- SHER. What lips!
- WILD. What eyes!
- SHER. A perfect face!
- WILD. Your pardon. What were you about to say?
- BAN. That if your Grace would join us in the dance,—
- WILD. My limbs have long since lost their power to prance;
But I could hobble through some stately measure,
If this fair lady lends her hand.
- LYDIA. With pleasure!
- Graceful dance.*
- DOR. What gracious affability! What condescension!
Of noble birth how great a proof,
When scions of nobility with kind intention
Honour with their presence a provincial roof.
With faltering felicity we tread the measure,
Each maiden blushing with surprise,
Deploing her rusticity, accepts with pleasure
Compliments that fall on her from ducal skies.

Oh! how sweet, eyes to meet beaming admiration
 Eyes that fire or admire, wrapped in contemplation.
 With faltering felicity we tread the measure,
 Each maiden blushing with surprise
 At the simplicity, the affability,
 The true nobility that meet her eyes.

LUR. and MRS. PRIV.

Up and down, and round and round,
 With dainty feet that scorn the ground,
 Weaving figures in and out,
 See us whirling round about.

CHO. Gaily tread the dainty measure,
 Dancing in the path of pleasure;
 Hand in hand, a merry band,
 Tripping feet despising leisure.

SONG.

BAN. Contentment I give you, and all that it brings
 To the man who is fully decided
 To take what he has and be thankful that things
 Are such as his lot has provided.
 Some strive for high rank, for preferment, place,
 Ever ready to sell at a price
 Traditions of family, fealty or race,
 For a ribbon or jewelled device.

CHO. But here's to the man who is pleased with his lot,
 Who never sits sighing for what he has not,
 Contented and thankful for what he has got,
 With a welcome for all
 To Chanticleer Hall.

BAN. The old would be young, and the young would be old,
 The lean only long to grow fatter;
 The wealthy want health, the healthy want gold,
 A change to the worse for the latter.
 The single would wed, but the husband contrives

To consider his fetters a curse,
And half the world sighs for the other half's wives,
With the risk of a change for the worse.

CHO. But here's to the man, etc.

SEXTETT AND CHORUS.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, WILDER, SHERWOOD, BANTAM and LURCHER.

BAN. Now let's to bed.

WILD. To bed so soon?

DOR. Good night.

WILD. We leave our hearts behind us.

LYDIA. Most polite.

DOR. to LYD. Alas! how soon can man forget!
To-day he swore that he'd be true
To me—yes, me alone—and yet
To-night he sighs and dies for you!

WILD. If you and I once more could meet—

SHER. Our happiness would be complete!

BAN. Good night, your Grace, and pleasant dreams.

ALL. Good night, your Grace, and pleasant dreams.

WILD. Good night, mine host, and pleasant dreams!

BAN. This way—

WILD (*aside to LUR.*) Is all prepared?

LUR. (*aside to WILD.*) All right!

DOR. Your Grace, good night

WILD. (*to SHER.*) We meet again to-night.

TUTTI. Pleasant dreams attend your slumber,
Happy fancies without number
Guide you in the land of sleeping,

While the fairies, vigil keeping,
 Visions bright your sleep adorning,
 Send you, till the light of morning,
 Through the latticed window breaking,
 Tells you that the day is waking—
 And through the pane, creeps day again!
 Good-night! good-night!

WILD. (*to* LYD.) One word when all the rest have gone.

SHER. (*to* DOR.) I want to speak with you alone.

TUTTL. And as every eyelid closes,
 Nature shall repaint the roses;
 Prink the cheek, as is the duty
 Of the tiring maid of beauty;
 Virgin blush and bloom restoring,
 Into eyes fresh flashes pouring,
 Tenderly each face adorning
 Ready for the light of morning,
 When thro' the pane creeps day again,
 Good-night! good-night!

QUARTETT.

DOROTHY, LYDIA, SHERWOOD *and* WILDER.

WILD. One moment, pray!
 SHER. Nay—do not run away.
 DOR. Meet me to-morrow.
 LYDIA. Meet me to-morrow.
 WILD. *and* SHER. To-morrow is to-day.
 WILD. Oh! fly not yet. 'Tis not too late
 To bid me hope or mourn my fate,
 For lovers learn from early morn
 The cruel hand of time to scorn.
 SHER. What matters what the hour may be?
 Time was not made for you and me;

- Then hear my whisper ere we part,
The promptings of a beating heart !
- DOR. And do you think the test, Sir,
Of love so light a thing,
That maids will leave their nest, Sir,
Like fledglings in the spring.
- LYDIA. Because they've wings to fly with,
And want to soar above ?
The man I live and die with
Must *prove* to me his love.
- WILD. (*aside to SHER.*)—SHER. (*aside to WILD.*)
Your ring pray give in token
Of vows ne'er to be broken ;
On her finger you must place that ring.
- DOR. (*aside to LYDIA.*)—(LYDIA (*aside to DOR.*)
Their rings they'll give as token
Of vows ne'er to be broken ;
Oh ! a man is but a faithless thing.
- WILD. (*to LYDIA, giving ring.*)
This ring accept. It is a sign
That I am yours and you are mine.
Then take it, pray, and let it be
A token of my constancy.
- SHER. (*to DOR., giving ring.*)
This ring, I pray, in token take
That other maids I do forsake ;
For never man shall prove as true,
As I, my love, will be to you.
- DOR. (*aside to LYDIA.*)
How soon the vows were broken !
To you he pledged his love,
And now he gives your token
To me his faith to prove.
- LYDIA (*aside to DOR.*)
A master in deceiving !
Believe his word who can ?

In truth there's no believing
In such a thing as man.

WILD. *to* LYDIA.—SHER *to* DOR.

Accept, I pray, this token
Of vows ne'er to be broken ;
Let me on your finger place this ring.

DOR. *to* SHER.—LYD. *to* WILD.

This ring I take as token
Of vows made to be broken ;
Till to-morrow I will keep this ring.

B A L L A D.

SHERWOOD.

I stand at your threshold sighing,
As the celestial hours creep by,
And the time is slowly dying,
That once too quick did fly.
Your beauty o'er my being
Has shed a subtle spell,
And, alas ! there is no fleeing
From the charms that you wield so well.

For my heart is wildly beating,
As it never beat before ;
One word ! one whispered greeting,
In mercy I implore.

For from daylight a hint we might borrow,
And prudence might come with the light ;
Then why should we wait till to-morrow ?
You are queen of my heart to-night.

Oh ! tell me why, if you intended,
To treat my love with scorn !
Such rents as will never be mended,
In this poor heart you've torn ?

Why, why did *your beauty* enslave me ?
 And give me such exquisite pain ?
 Oh ! say but the word that would save me,
 And bid me to hope again.

For my heart is wildly beating,
 As it never beat before ;
 One word ! one whispered greeting,
 In mercy I implore.

For from daylight, etc.

TRIO.

WILDER, SHERWOOD, and BANTAM.

WILD. Silence pray—be careful how you tread !

SHER. Are you sure that they are all in bed ?
 Let me bind you—

WILD. Take care ; not too tight !

SHER. Now's the time to wake our friend, the Knight !

WILD. Ha ! ha !

SHER. Ho ! ho !

BAN. Who's there ?

WILD. Hush, here he comes !

BAN. Speak ! who is there ?

SHER. We've got him now !

BAN. Confound the stair !

For mercy, Sir, I humbly crave—
 Pray take my cash and all I have,
 But spare my life !

WILD. and SHER. We want your cash and all you have,
 But not your life !

- CHO.** What noise was that—waking us from our slumbers !
 What to goodness caused such a clatter ?
Hand joined to hand—safety there is in numbers—
Let us find out—what is the matter.
- BAN.** Help ! help ! I'm almost dead.
CHO. Help ! help ! raise up his head.
WILD. Help ! help ! I'm almost dead.
CHO. Lift up the Squire's head.
DOR. Oh, father ! What a dreadful sight,
 To see you in so sad a plight.
- CHO.** Oh, what a sight !
DOR. And see, most shocking to relate,
LYDIA. His Grace has met the self-same fate.
BAN. and CHO. Too shocking quite !
 Oh, what a sight !
- CHO.** Daring a duke to plunder,
 What's coming next we wonder.
- BAN.** My money's safe !
CHO. How very strange !
BAN. There's not a penny missing.
WILD. Ah !
BAN. Not one !
WILD. Speak, what is it ?
LUR. Your Grace, I fear—
CHO. Ah !
LUR. Has been robbed !
CHO. Oh !
SHER. They've got the swag.
LUR. Yes ! taken every mag.
SHER. See ! not one shilling left.

WILD. Of everything bereft !
 BAN. The sum must be repaid at any cost.

CHO. and BAN.

Pray mention what amount your Grace has lost.

LUR. The sum amounts to eighty pound,
 Perhaps a little more, Sir ;
 And as a host, I think you're bound,
 The money to restore, Sir.

CHO. Pray take the guineas—he feels bound
 The money to restore, Sir.

WILD. Well, then, I take the money as a loan.

CHO. His Grace, we own, accepts the loan with such a tone
 That one would feel inclined to think the gold was all his own.

SHER. And when his Grace returns this way
 The money he is sure to pay.

LUR. and SHER. I'm much afraid it won't be paid.

WILD., LUR. and SHER.

Of course your loan will be repaid.

(First chime.)

CHO. Hark ! I hear the quarter chime.

(Second chime.)

Off to bed, it is now time ;
 What on earth can be the time ?

(Third chime.)

There it is, the half-hour sure !

(Fourth chime.)

Why, the clock is striking four !

FINALE.

Hark forward! Hark forward! Away!
A-hunting we'll go to-day.
And the early dawn of the autumn morn
Is ready to show the way.

Hark forward! Hark forward! Away!
'Tis a beautiful hunting day,
And horse and hound shall skim the ground
To the sound of the horn so gay.

The fox may hide by the cover side,
But to-day we are certain to find;
And well we know how the best will go,
And the timid ones scatter behind.

Hark forward! etc.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

ROUND COPPICE.

BALLET OF BRIDESMAIDS AND GROOMSMEN.

OLD WOMEN'S CHO.

Dancing is not what it used to be
 In the merry days when our tread was light,
 When our feet were nimble and our hearts were free,
 And we danced from dusk till the sun shone bright.
 Eh! eh! eh! Tho' feeble we be,
 Better than that we can dance you'll see.

BALLAD.

PHYL. The time has come when I must yield
 The liberty I loved so well
 To one to whom my heart revealed,
 Sighed forth the love I dared not tell,
 My love, my life, I freely give,
 Myself and all that in me is,
 Henceforth in happiness to live
 For him alone as only his.
 But liberty to me so dear
 I now resign without a fear.

CHO. OF OLD WOMEN.

Eh! eh! eh! Poor little dear!
 Wait till she comes to the end of the year.

PHYL. They say, when wooing days are o'er,
 And there is nothing left to gain,
 That turtles coo their love no more,
 And honeymoons get on the wane;
 But I will bind him to my heart,
 With love that shall not loose too soon,
 And life shall be, till death us part,
 One everlasting honeymoon.

And liberty to me so dear
I now resign without a fear.

CHO. OF OLD WOMEN.

Eh! eh! eh! Poor little dear!
Wait till you come to the end of the year.

SEPTETT AND CHORUS.

PHYLLIS, TOM, TUPPITT, WILDER, SHERWOOD, and BANTAM.

TOM and PHYLLIS.

What joy untold to feel at last
That all delay and doubts are past,
My future lot with you is cast,
My own.

TUPP.

A parent's feelings who can tell?
His satisfaction who can quell?
I wished to see her married well,
I own.

BAN. and CHORUS.

They are indeed a happy pair,
What lot on earth can now compare
With theirs? I only wish it were
My own.

ALL.

They're happily married by parson and ring
So merrily let the bells chime;
For marriage to start with is not a sad thing,
It only gets gloomy with time.
A husband was ready—the maiden said "aye,"
She makes a most beautiful bride;
The knot was remarkably easy to tie,
It won't be so lightly untied.

FINALE.

DOR. to WILD.—LYDIA to SHER.

Who swore to be good and true
To the maid whom he dared to adore?

Who promised to love her as few
Have ever loved woman before?

DOR. Oh, fie! Oh, fie! We spurned the tie
Did not we swear to be ever free?
To single die, and Hymen fly,
Warily, charily, airily.

But Cupid, after all, is blind;
It would indeed be strange
To meet a woman with a mind
That wasn't made to change.

PHYL. Very strange.

LYDIA. Very, very strange.

DOR. Very, very, very, very strange.

DOR., LYDIA, and PHYL.

Yes; very, very, very, very strange.

DOR. to WILD.—LYD. to SHER.—PHYL. to TOM.

But—

Be wise in time, Oh! husband mine!
Have a care! Pray, beware! Hear me swear.
One word unkind, I change my mind;
Nor are there maids to spare everywhere.

(BAN. advances and joins hands of DOR. and WILD., and LYDIA and SHER.)

BAN. There, take him. Be happy. For what you have got
Be thankful, or never allow that you're not.
And on this occasion I ask the whole lot.
There's a welcome to all
At Chanticleer Hall.

TUTTI. And lucky the man who is pleased with his lot,
Who never sits sighing for what he has not,
Contented and thankful for what he has got.
There's a welcome to all
At Chanticleer Hall.

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